

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbe* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.
Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our com-
pany?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbes*
garter, it would haue bene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
Bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-wacht.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguild
The heauy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:

Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.

Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,

Euery one lets forth his spright;
In the Church-way paths to glide.

And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame;

From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkeliesse like a dreame,

Now are frolicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.

I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowisie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now 'till the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.

To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blesse be:

And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:

So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:

And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.

Neuer mole, barell, nor scarre,
Nor marke predigious, such as are

Despised in Natu'ritie,
Shall upon their children be.

With this field dew consecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gait,

And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,

Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Tripe away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That you haue but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.

And this weake and idle dreame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,

Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.

And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we haue ynearned lucke,

Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long;

Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.

Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

AN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadness makes of
mee,

That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile

Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,

Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtise to them, do them reuerence

As they flye by them with their wouen wings.
Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:

And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt

Would make me sad.
Sal. My winde cooling my broth,

Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.

I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,

And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs

To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,

And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side,

Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,

And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought

To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?

But tell not me, I know *Antonio* is
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize:

Ant. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it;
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present

Therefore my merchandize me

Sola. Why then you are in

Ant. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: t

Because you are not merry; and

For you to laugh and leape, and

Because you are not sad. Now h

Nature hath fram'd strange fel

Some that will euermore peepe

And laugh like Parrats at a bay

And other of such vineger aspe

That they'll not shew their teet

Though *Nesfor* sweare the iest

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo,

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*

Your most noble Kinsman,

Gratiasso, and *Lorenzo*. Faryew

We leaue you now with better

Sola. I would haue staid till

If worthier friends had not pre

Ant. Your worth is very

I take it your owne busines call

And you embrace th'occasion

Sal. Good morrow my go

Bass. Good signiors both,

You grow exceeding strange:

Sal. Wee'll make our leysu

Exeunt Sal

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since

We two will leaue you, but at

I pray you haue in minde where

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grati. You looke not well s

You haue too much respect v

They loose it that doe buy it w

Beleeue me you are marvellou

Ant. I hold the world but

A stage, where euery man must

And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the fool

With mirth and laughter let ol

And let my Liuer rather heate v

Then my heart coole with mor

Why should a man whose blou

Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Al

sleep when he wakes? and cro